

DELL

APRIL-JUNE

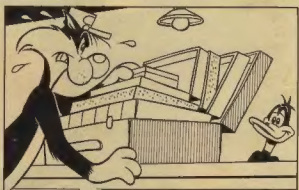
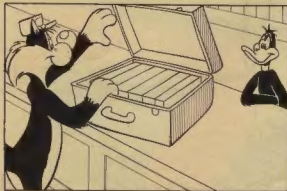
10¢

Daffy



WARNER BROS. CARTOONS
PRESENT

Daffy



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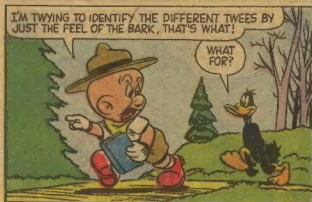
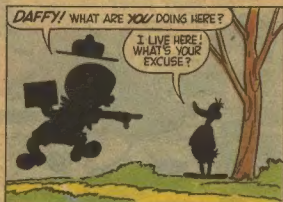
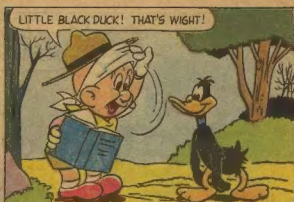
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PRESENT

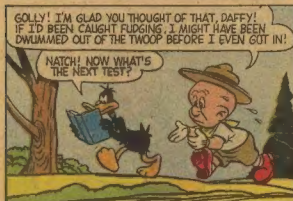
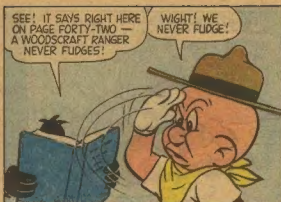
DAFFY DUCK

The **TEST PEST**

BOY! THE WOODS ARE
SURE FULL OF SQUIRRELS
THIS TIME OF THE YEAR!

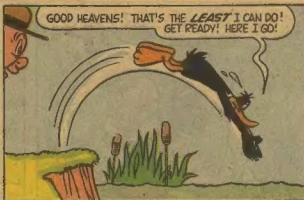
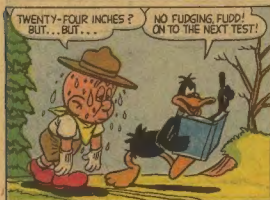
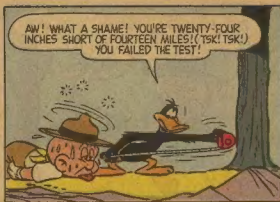


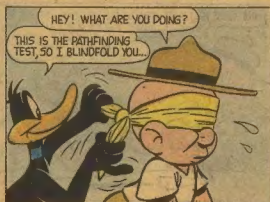
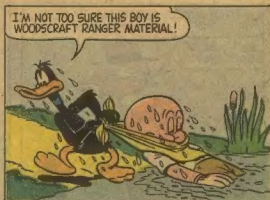
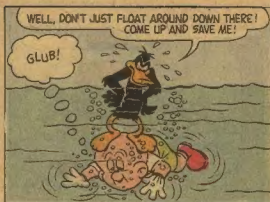


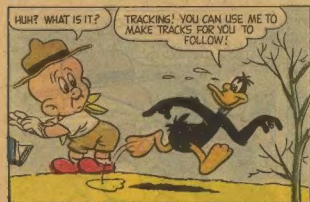
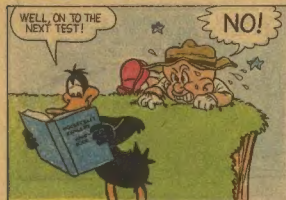
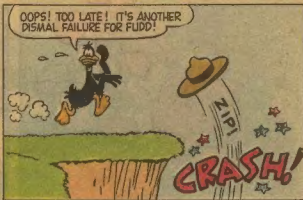


MANY MILES LATER...

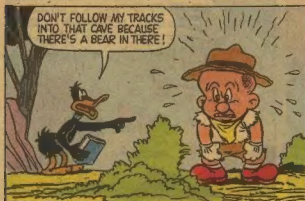
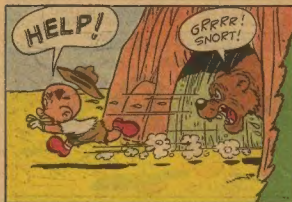










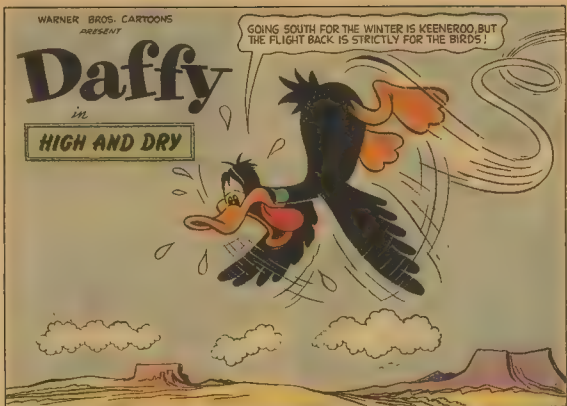


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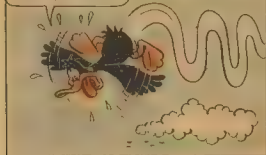
Daffy

in
HIGH AND DRY

GOING SOUTH FOR THE WINTER IS KEENEROO, BUT
THE FLIGHT BACK IS STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS!



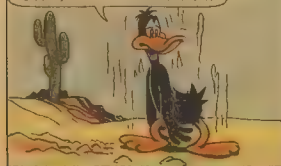
(PUFF! PUFF!) MY LITTLE WINGS ARE JUST
ABOUT FLAPPED OUT! I'D BETTER LAND AND
WALK FOR A WHILE!



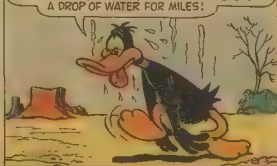
I WAS HOPING I COULD REACH THE POND
BEFORE DARK SO I COULD TAKE A NICE
COOL DIP BUT... OH-OH!

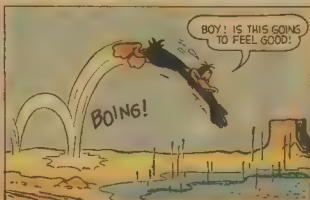
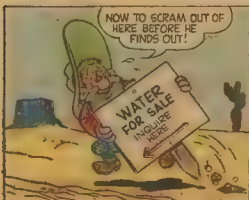
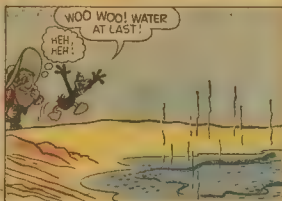
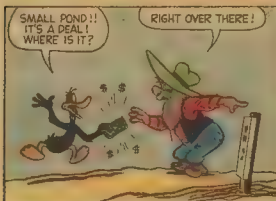
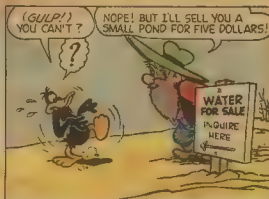


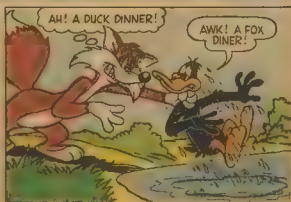
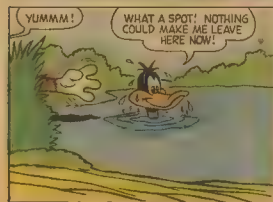
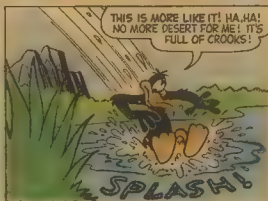
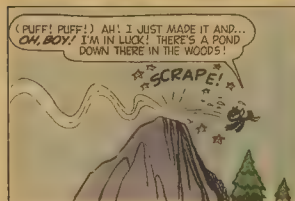
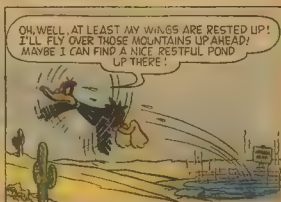
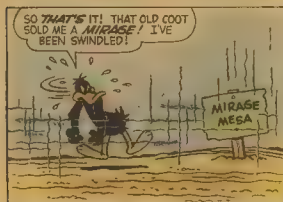
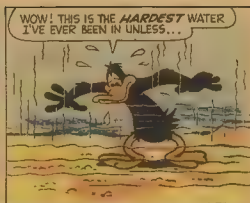
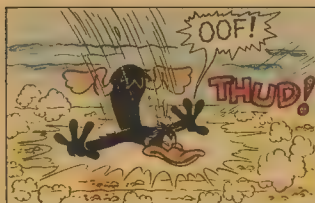
DRAT! I CAME DOWN RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A
HOT, DRY, DUSTY OLD DESERT! (GULP!)

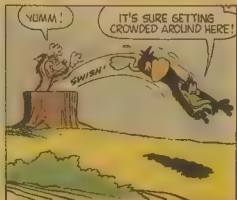
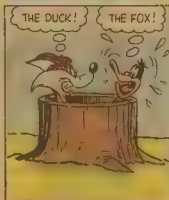
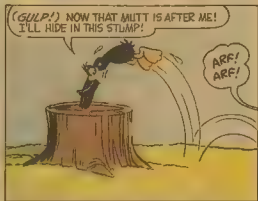
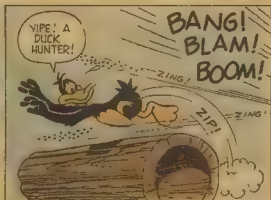
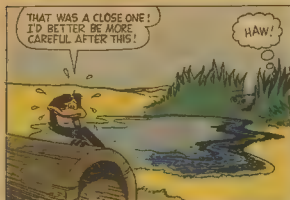
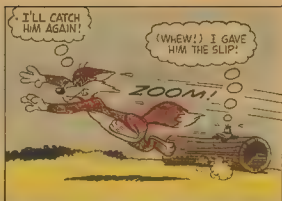


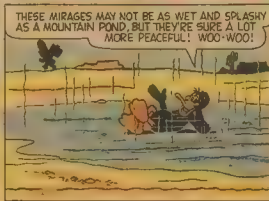
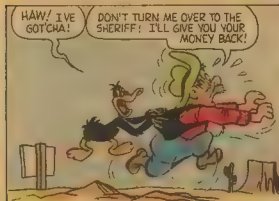
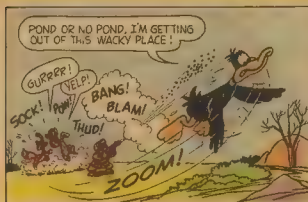
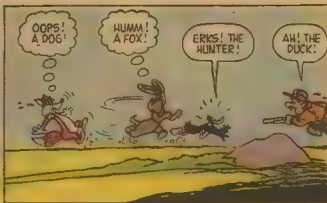
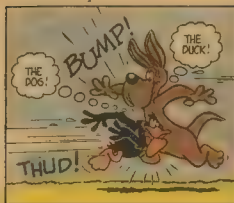
SHEEEESH! WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A SWIM
AND A DRINK OF WATER, BUT I'LL BET THERE ISN'T
A DROP OF WATER FOR MILES!

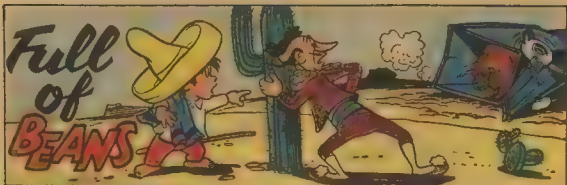












"Oh, Papacito," cried Little Pancho Vanilla as he raced out to the patio of his home, "today we are to plant the beans."

Pancho Vanilla stirred lazily in his hammock and opened one eye wearily. "Eet we plant the beans," he grumbled, "we must first dig up the ground. Maybe we should wait until tomorrow and just rest today."

"Then you can take me to the booflight instead," declared Little Pancho. "Perhaps you may get a chance to fight the bool."

"Come, Leetle Pancho," Papacito said hastily, "we weel plant the beans now."

He rolled quickly out of his cozy hammock and trotted out to the garden patch before Little Pancho could say another word about dangerous bullfights.

"I weel be good to you and let you dig up the garden first, Leetle Pancho," sighed Papacito as he sprawled in the meager shade of a pepper plant.

Just then, a neighbor galloped up on his horse. "Bandits have stolen my prize bool and put heem in a beeg truck," he shouted excitedly. "The police have blocked them on the other road, so they may come back thees way. Watch for them, Pancho."

Pancho stared indifferently as the neighbor rode away. "I, the greatest boofighter in Chilivania," he mumbled, "weel not stoop to fighting bandits."

"But thees bool is the greatest fighting bool in all of Chilivania," gasped Little Pancho. "You must save eet."

"Bah," replied Pancho fervently. "Do you want beans or bools?"

Then he took the pitchfork from Little Pancho and jabbed vigorously at the ground. However, the soil was baked so hard by the hot sun that the pitchfork could not pierce it. Instead, it broke, and Papacito was left

holding the handle, while the end, with its sharp teeth, went flying through the air.

"Here comes a beeg truck, fast," yelled Little Pancho, just as the pitchfork landed in the middle of the nearby road. "Eet must be the bandits."

The truck roared closer and, a moment later, there was a loud bang when the points of the pitchfork punctured a tire and blew it out. The truck plunged into a ditch.

"Hurray," Little Pancho shrieked. "You weel be a hero, Papacito."

Papacito looked toward the ditch, and then he did not feel like a hero.

"Run for your life," he gasped. "The bool is breaking out of the truck."

Unfortunately, there was no time to run. The bull was heading straight toward him. In desperation, he jabbed the fork handle, like a sword, at the charging beast.

"Don't hurt the poor bool, Papacito," Little Pancho implored, while his father tried to dodge the lunging animal.

"Eef he won't hurt me, I promise not to hurt heem," Pancho panted.

By a lucky chance, he poked the bull on its sensitive nose. At that, the bull snorted, turned away from Pancho, and ran right toward the two bandits who were stumbling from the truck.

"Hurray for the bool," cried Little Pancho. For the bull had tossed both of the bandits into a patch of stickery cactus.

Later, after the neighbor had caught his bull and the police had captured the bandits, Little Pancho said admiringly, "Papacito, no one but you knows beans about fighting bools and bandits."

Pancho beamed happily, for he knew, too, that he could not plant beans without a pitchfork for digging up the ground first.

SUZANNE

OH, BOY! BOYS!

MOMMIE, WHY DO BIG GIRLS ALWAYS ACT SO NICE TO THE BIG BOYS?

BECAUSE THEY WANT THE BOYS TO LIKE THEM, DEAR!

WHEN YOU AND MYRTLE GET OLDER, YOU'LL BECOME INTERESTED IN BOYS, TOO. AND THEN YOU'LL UNDERSTAND!

I'M INTERESTED IN THEM NOW! LIKE RALPHIE...GEE, HE'S SO DUMB I CAN'T EVEN FIGURE IT OUT!

HERMAN HOLZIG ALWAYS GETS SAND IN HIS HAIR... EVEN WHEN HE DOESN'T GO NEAR A SANDBOX! THAT'S PRETTY INTERESTING!

I'LL SAY!

YES. BUT THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WHEN YOU GET OLDER! THE BOYS WILL CHANGE, TOO, YOU KNOW!

THERE'LL COME A DAY WHEN YOU'LL THINK SOME OF THEM HAVE BECOME MIGHTY SMART AND HANDSOME!

GEE! IT HARDLY SEEMS POSSIBLE!

REAL ESTATE BROKER

AND NOT ONLY THAT, YOU'LL ENJOY HAVING THEM TREAT YOU TO CHOCOLATE SUNDAES, TAKE YOU TO THE MOVIES, AND BRING YOU PRESENTS!

IT SOUNDS NICE, ANYWAY!

IT WILL HAPPEN.. YOU CAN BE SURE OF THAT!

THANKS FOR TELLING US, MOMMIE!

GEE! ARE YOU SURE YOUR MOTHER KNOWS WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT?

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! IT LOOKS PRETTY HOPELESS, DOESN'T IT?

?

A WEEK LATER...

DADDY, ARE WE
OLDER TODAY
THAN WE WERE
LAST SATURDAY?

A WHOLE
WEEK OLDER,
GIRLS!

OH, GOODY!
COME ON,
MYRTLE...
LET'S GO
FIND THE
BOYS!

I HOPE IT'S
LIKE YOUR
MOMMIE
SAID!

?

THEY DON'T LOOK EXACTLY
SMART AND HANDSOME...
BUT THEY DO LOOK A
'LITTLE BETTER
SORT OF!'

WHAT ARE YOU GIRLS
LOOKING AT...
SOMETHING BLUE?

STICK YOUR
HEAD IN A
POT OF GLUE!

HA, HA! THEN COMB YOUR HAIR
WITH THE LEG OF A CHAIR!

AND WEAR YOUR
GRANDPA'S
'UNDERWEAR'
HA! HA!

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! WHAT ARE YOU
HANGING AROUND FOR?

WE JUST CAME TO SEE
WHEN YOU BOYS ARE
GOING TO START BEING
NICE TO US!

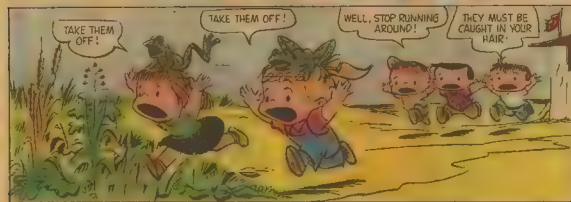
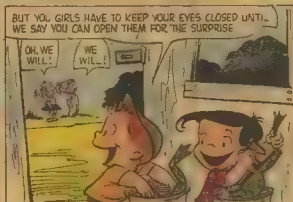
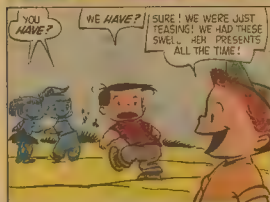
AND
GIVE US
PRESENTS
AND
THINGS!

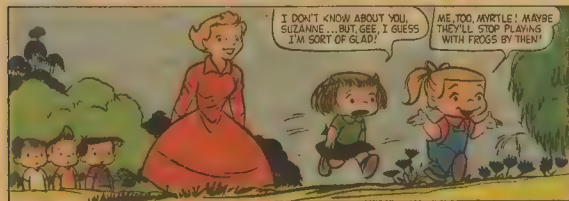
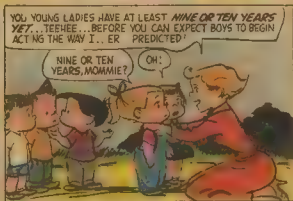
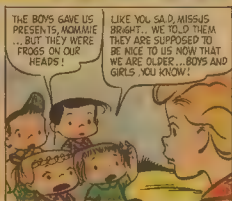
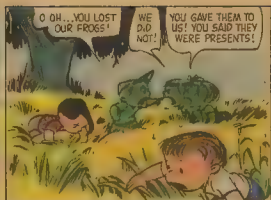
THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WHEN
BOYS AND GIRLS GET OLDER
MY MOMMIE SAID!

GIVE YOU GIRLS PRESENTS?
CREEPING CHRIMINEY!
OH, BROTHER!
NOT EVEN A CHOCOLATE
SLINDAE..?

IMAGINE

DO THEY THINK
WE'RE DUMB OR
SOMETHING?





DAFFY DUCK

NOSY BUT NICE

I'M TIRED OF LIVING IN A POND ALL THE TIME! I'M GOING TO TAKE MY LIFE'S SAVINGS AND BUY A HOUSE!

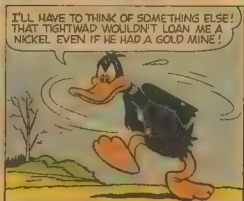
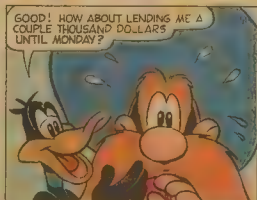
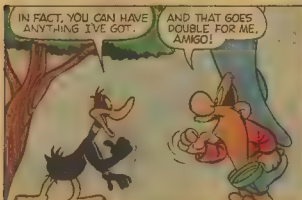
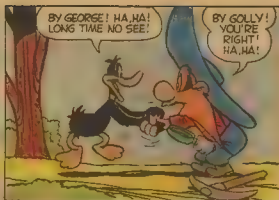
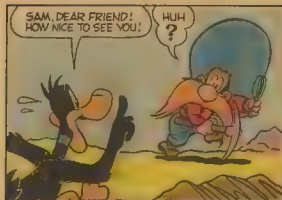
SLAP!
SLAP!
SLAP!

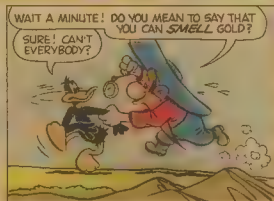
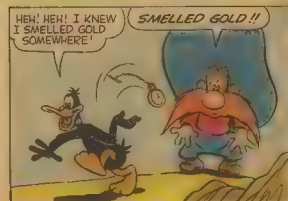
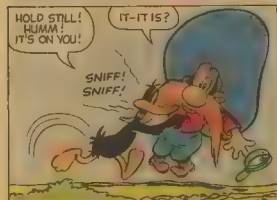
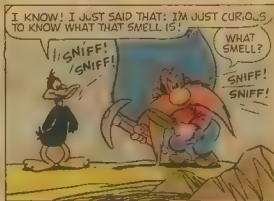
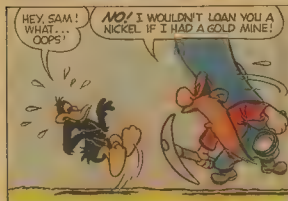
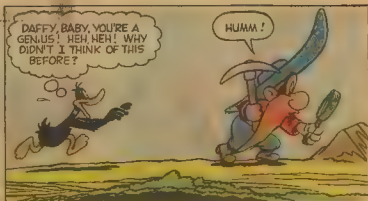
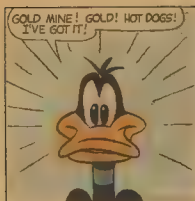
HUMM! TWO SLUGS, AN INDIAN-HEAD PENNY, AND A HOPALONG HARTSON BUTTON! SHEESH!

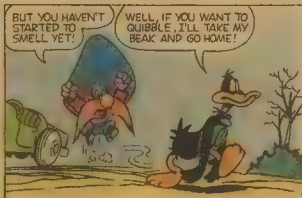
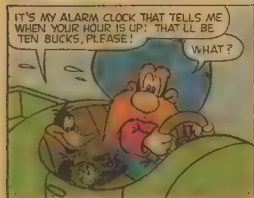
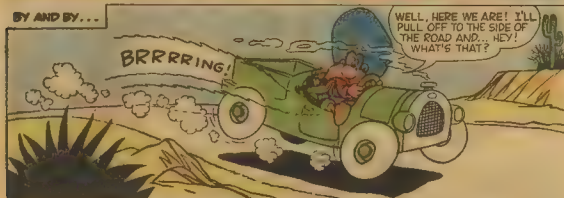
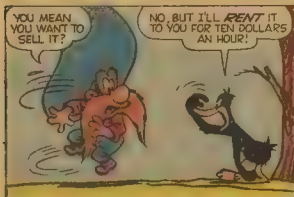
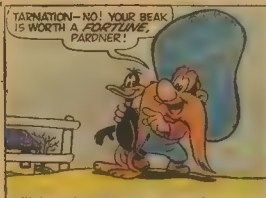
I CAN NEVER BUY A HOUSE WITH THAT! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF A WAY TO GET SOME MONEY!

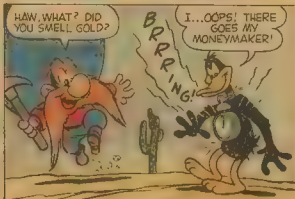
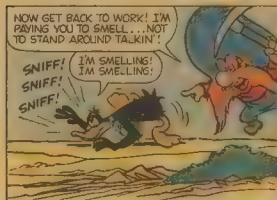
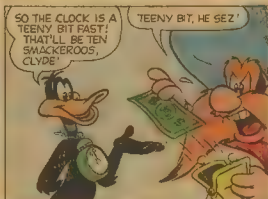
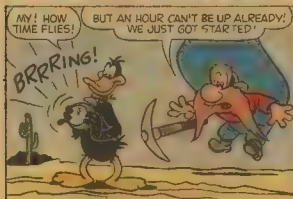
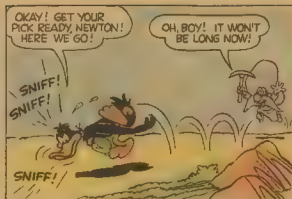
HRUMPH! THERE GOES OLD SAM LOOKING FOR GOLD AGAIN! HEH, HEH! HE NEVER GIVES UP!

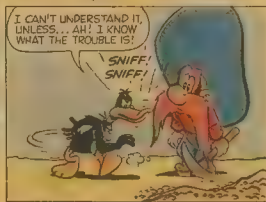
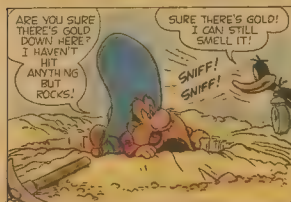
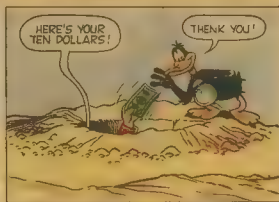
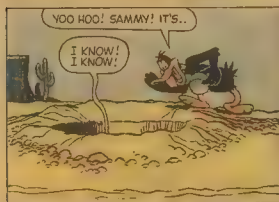
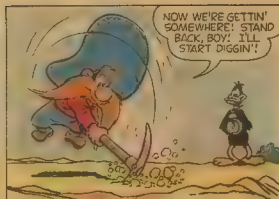
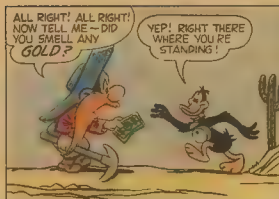
SAY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! MAYBE I CAN BORROW THE MONEY FROM HIM!

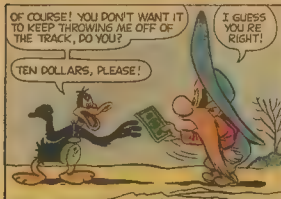
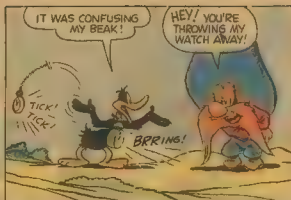




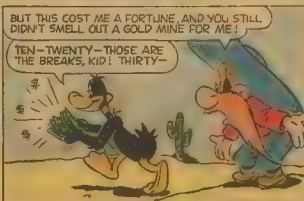
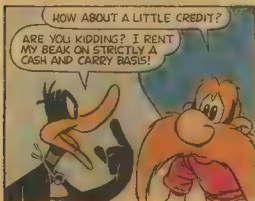
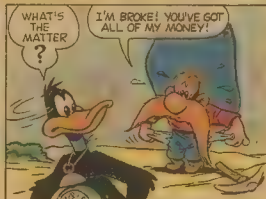
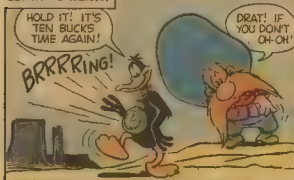


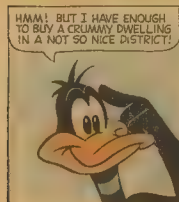
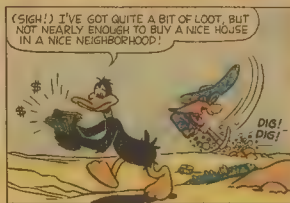
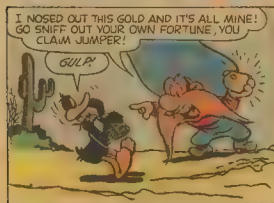
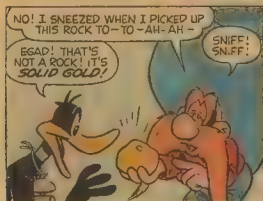
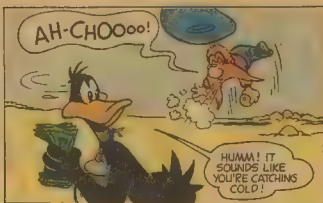






HOURS LATER...





WARNER BROS. CARTOONS

PRESENT

DAFFY DUCK

in **GETTING
THE BUSINESS**

BOY, AM I HUNGRY! I WONDER
WHERE I COULD MOOCH A FREE
...OOPS!

BUMPI!

HEY! YOU DROPPED A SACK!
STOP! COME BACK!

SWEET!
SWEET!

HE DIDN'T HEAR ME—AND I DIDN'T
NOTICE THE NAME ON THE TRUCK! I
WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE TO
RETURN IT!

WELL, I DID MY BEST! I
GUESS I CAN CLAIM SALVAGE
RIGHTS TO THIS THING NOW!
I WONDER WHAT'S
INSIDE!

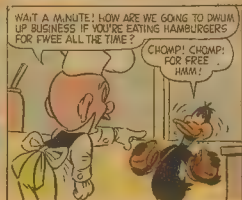
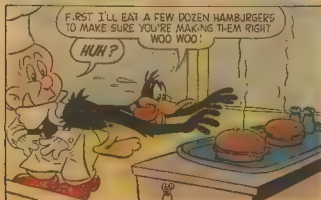
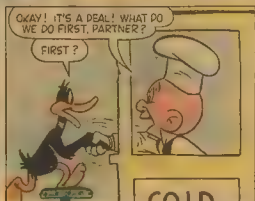
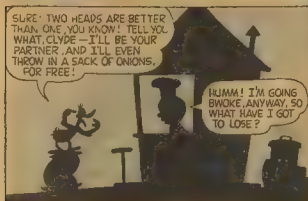
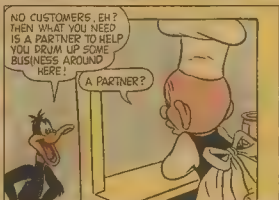
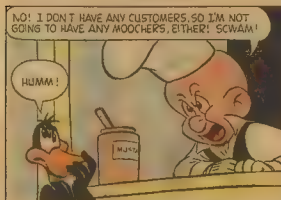
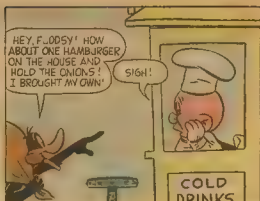
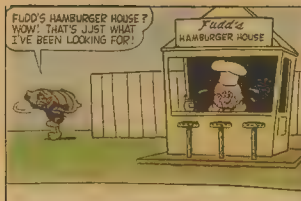
JUST MY LUCK! IT'S FULL OF ONIONS!
OH, WELL, AT LEAST IT'S FOOD!

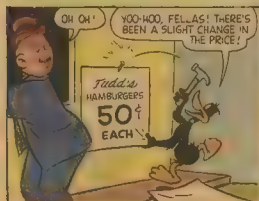
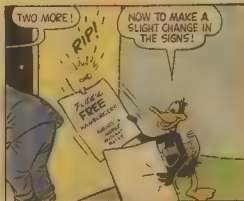
AWK! IT'S NO USE! I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME
HAMBURGERS OR SOMETHING TO GO WITH
THESE BABIES!

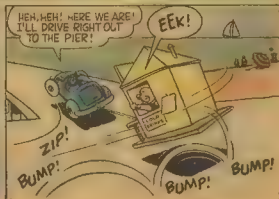
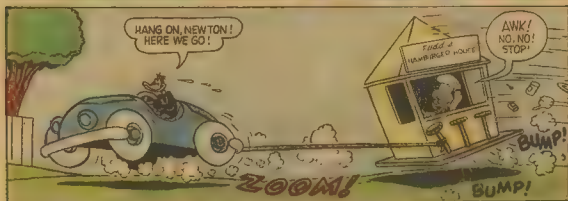
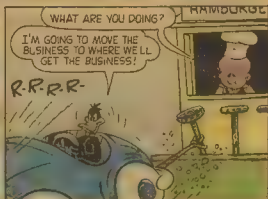
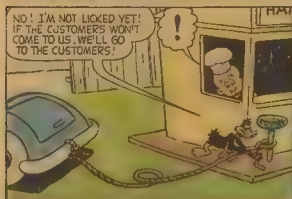
CHOMP!
CHOMP!
CHOMP!

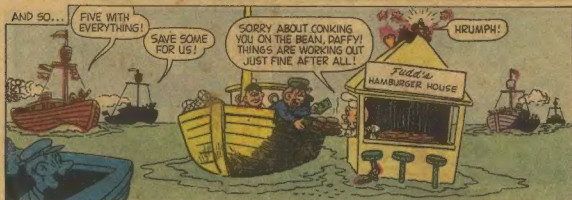
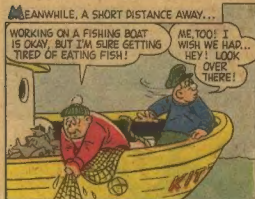
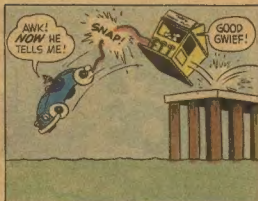
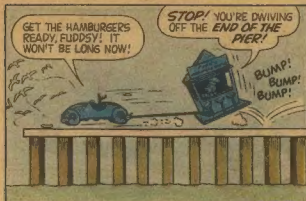
I'LL TAKE 'EM INTO TOWN! MAYBE I CAN
SWAP 'EM FOR SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T
GET ME ALL TEARY-EYED!











STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Daffy published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1957.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Mayer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other se-

curity holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the effient's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

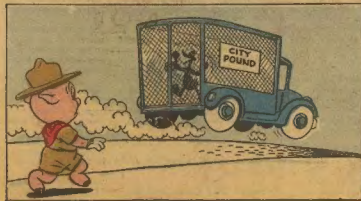
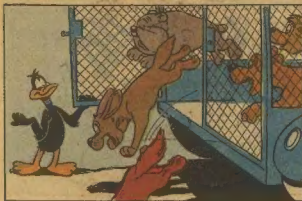
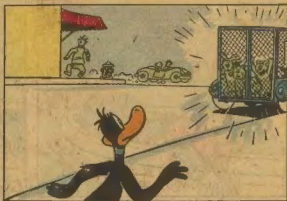
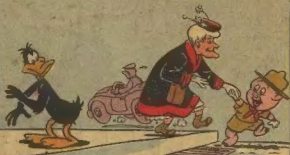
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1957.

JOHN C. WEBER

(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1958)

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS
PRESENT

DAFFY DUCK

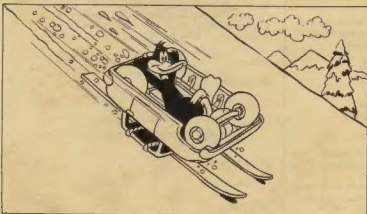
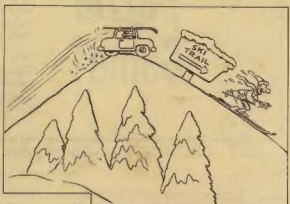
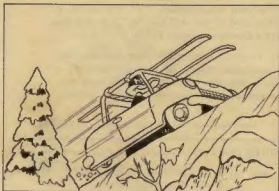
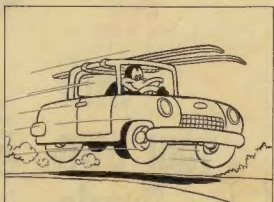
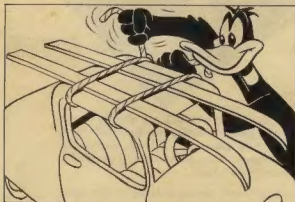
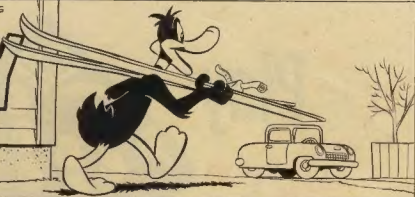


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